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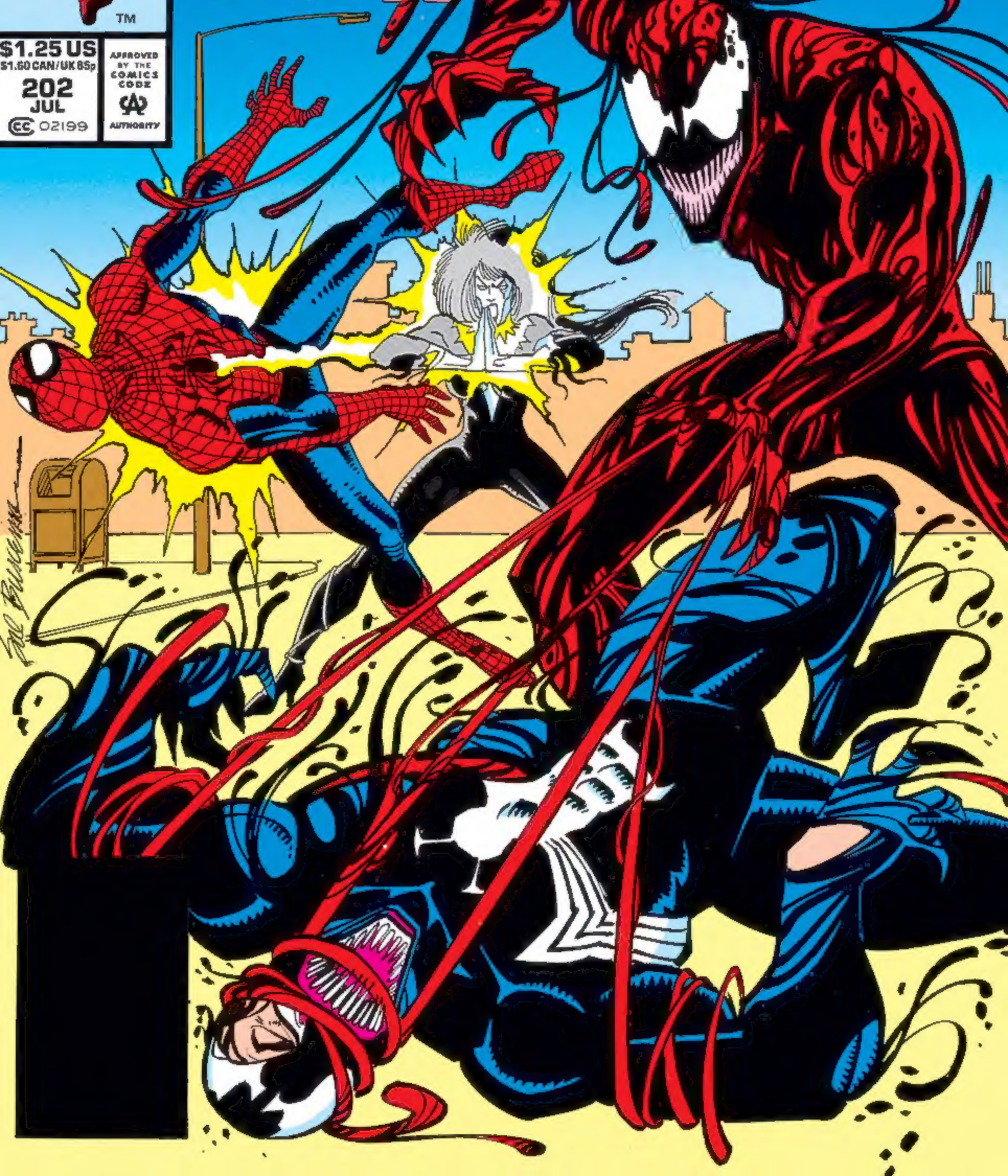
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# MAXIMUM CARNAGE

# SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN

PART  
9 OF 14



THE WALL BETWEEN MORALITY AND SIN, GOOD AND EVIL, HUMAN DECENCY AND INHUMAN DEPRAVITY...

...SEEMS TO HAVE UTTERLY AND IRREVOCABLY COLLAPSED!

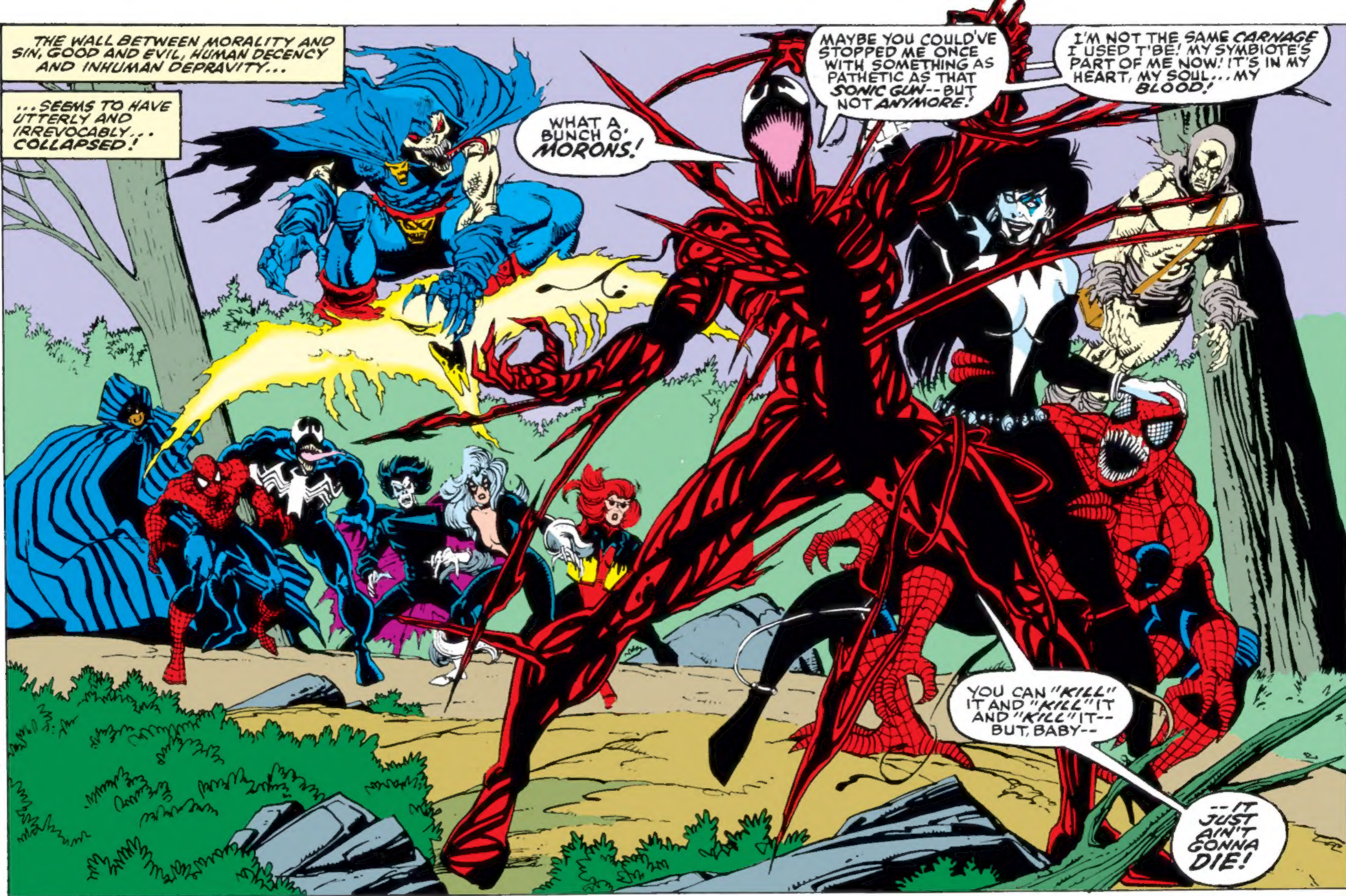
WHAT A BUNCH O' MORONS!

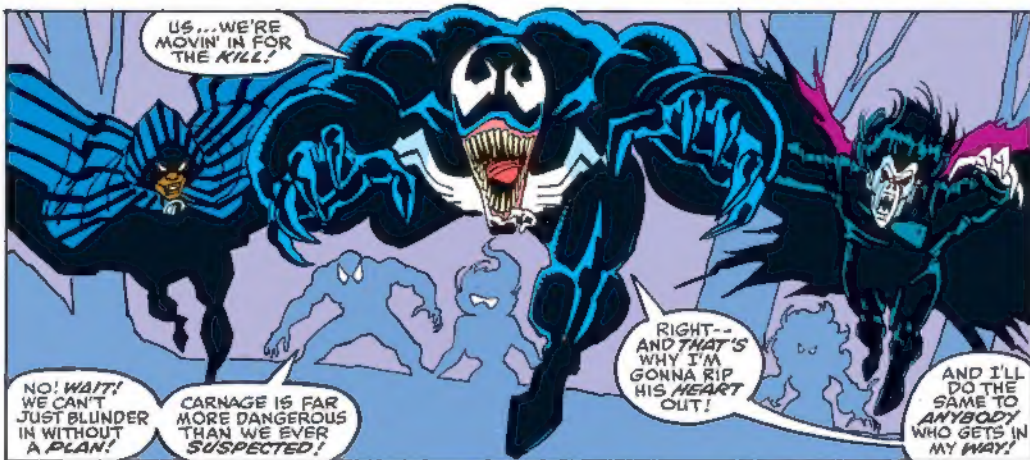
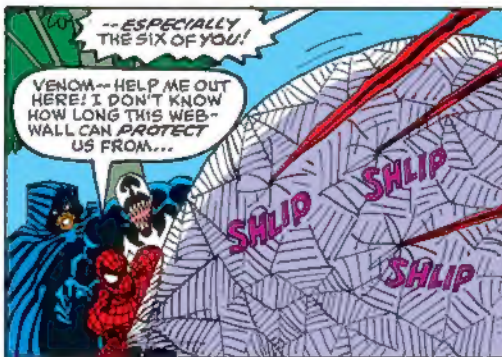
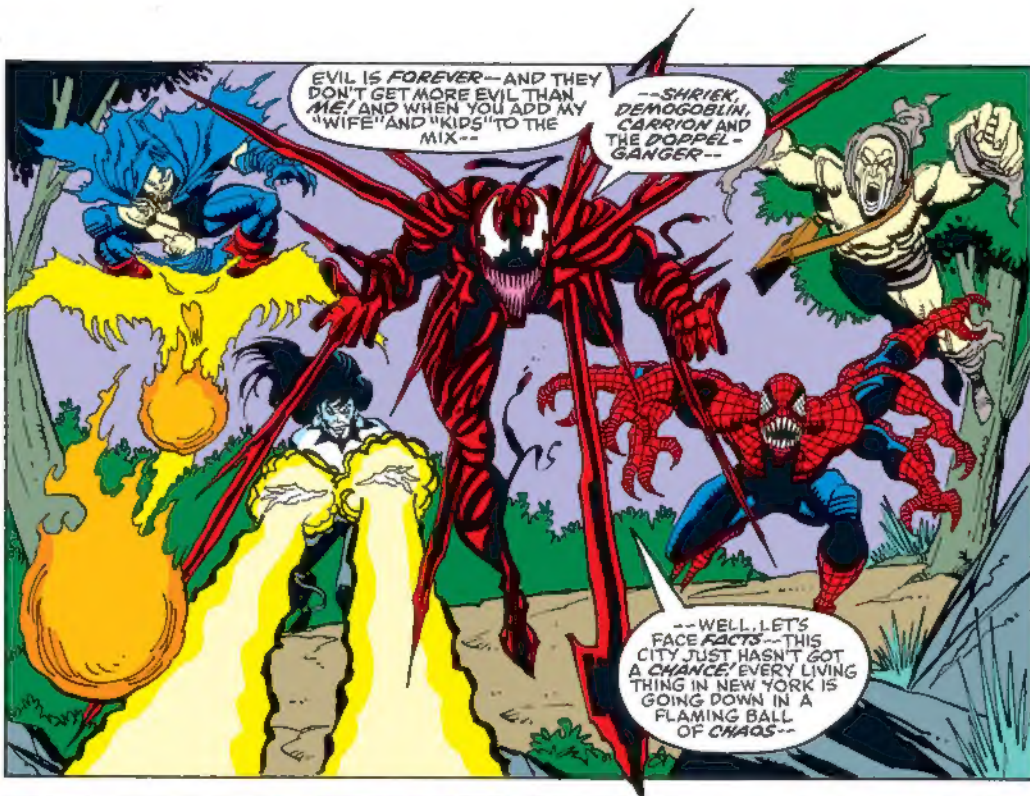
MAYBE YOU COULD'VE STOPPED ME ONCE WITH SOMETHING AS PATHETIC AS THAT SONIC GUN-- BUT NOT ANYMORE!

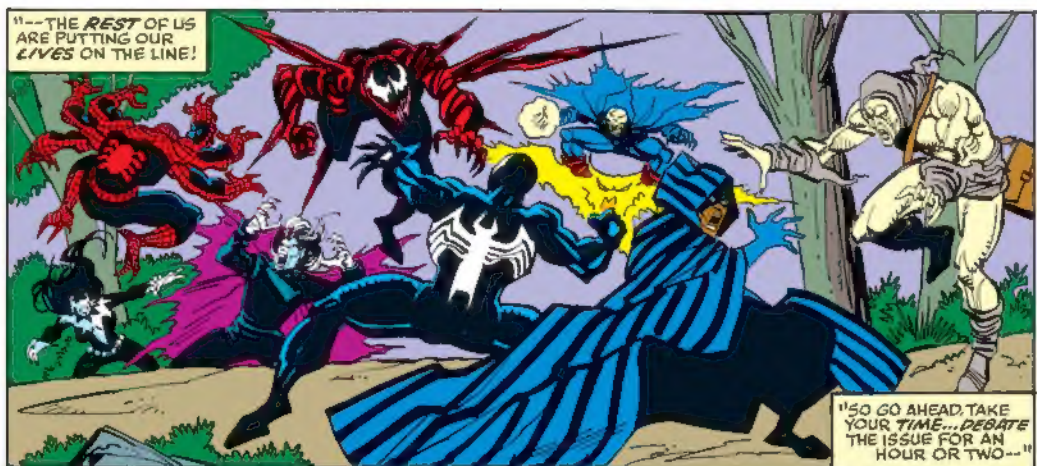
I'M NOT THE SAME CARNAGE I USED T'BE! MY SYMBIOTE'S PART OF ME NOW! IT'S IN MY HEART, MY SOUL... MY BLOOD!

YOU CAN "KILL" IT AND "KILL" IT AND "KILL" IT-- BUT, BABY--

-- IT JUST AIN'T GONNA DIE!







THE AURA OF EVIL, OF INSANITY IN THE AIR IS SO THICK THAT SPIDER-MAN CAN FEEL IT. IT'S SETTLED OVER HIM--LIKE A LAYER OF SOOT.

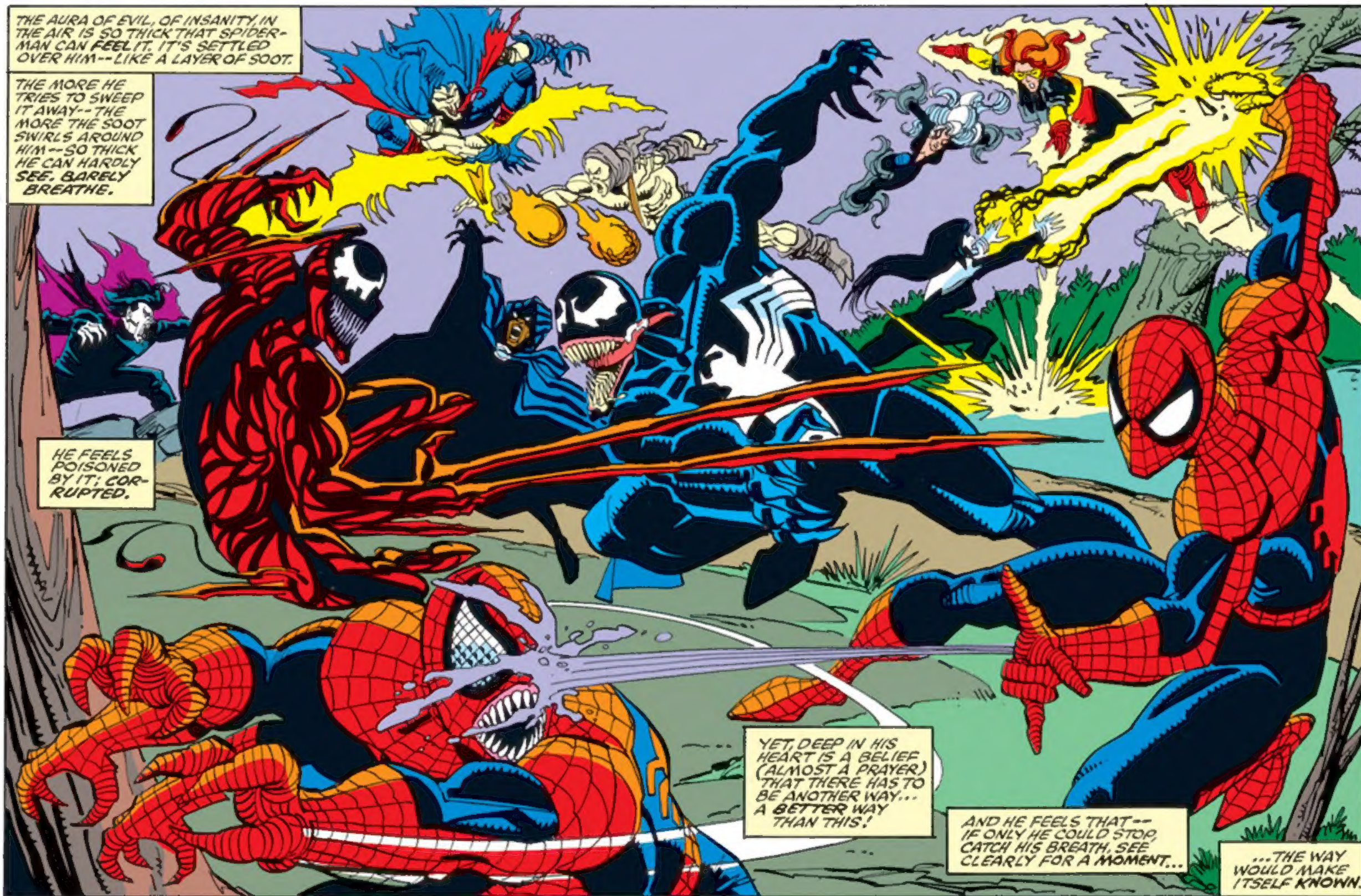
THE MORE HE TRIES TO SWEEP IT AWAY--THE MORE THE SOOT SWIRLS AROUND HIM--SO THICK HE CAN HARDLY SEE. BARELY BREATHE.

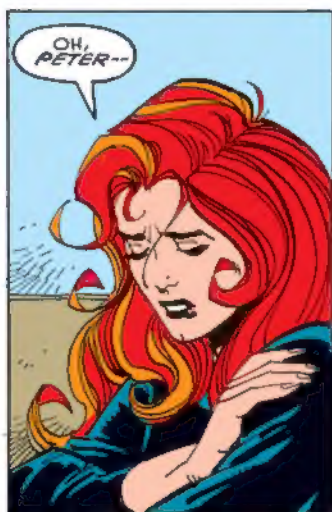
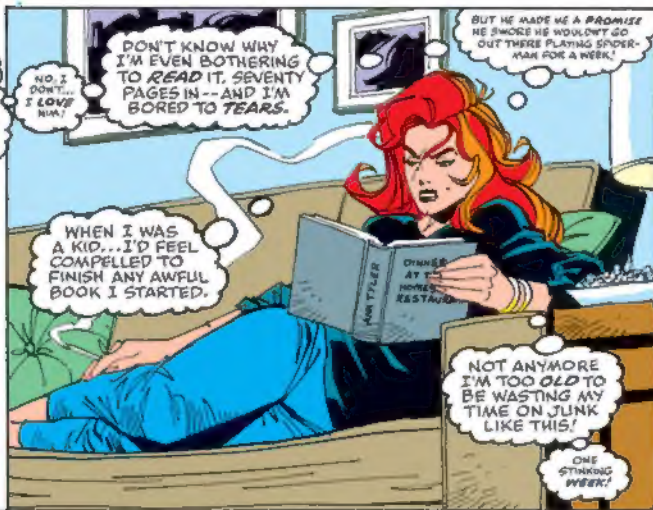
HE FEELS POISONED BY IT; CORRUPTED.

YET, DEEP IN HIS HEART IS A BELIEF (ALMOST A PRAYER) THAT THERE HAS TO BE ANOTHER WAY... A BETTER WAY THAN THIS!

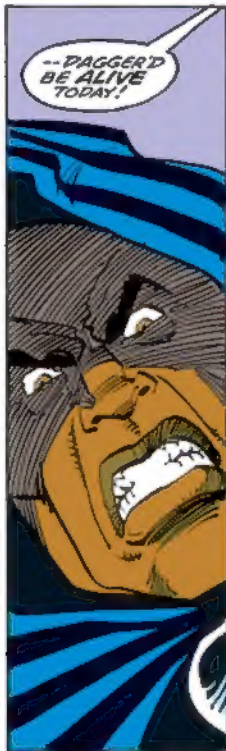
AND HE FEELS THAT-- IF ONLY HE COULD STOP, CATCH HIS BREATH, SEE CLEARLY FOR A MOMENT...

...THE WAY WOULD MAKE ITSELF KNOWN.



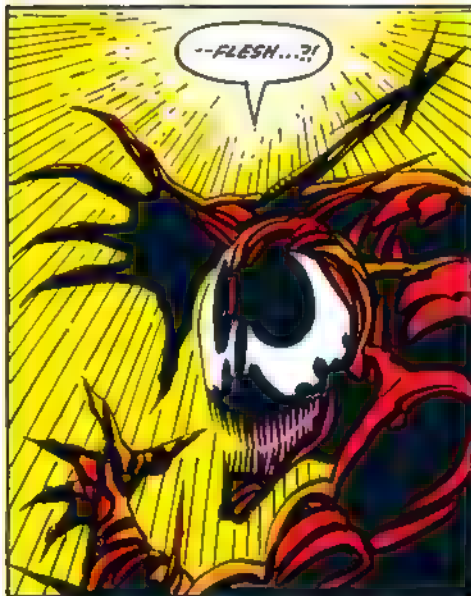
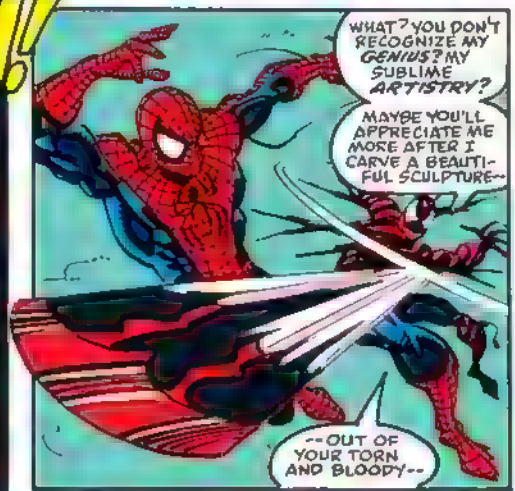
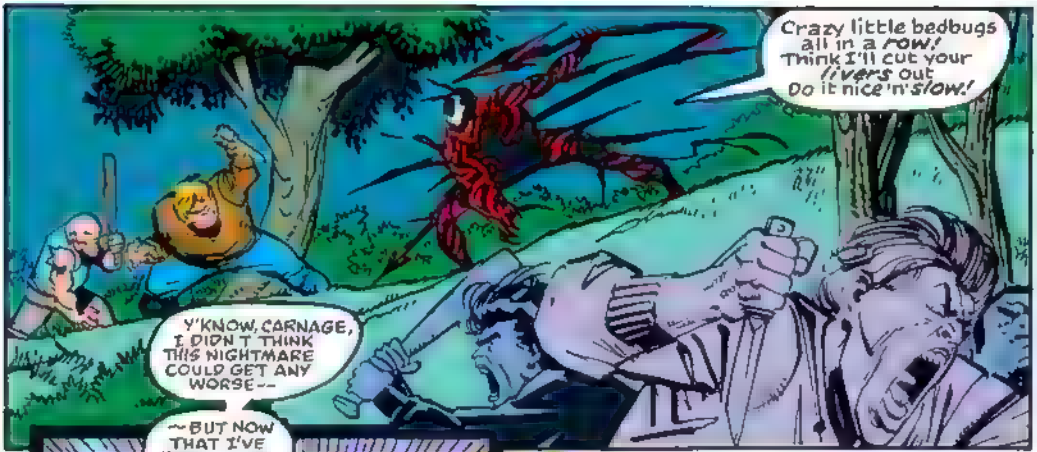


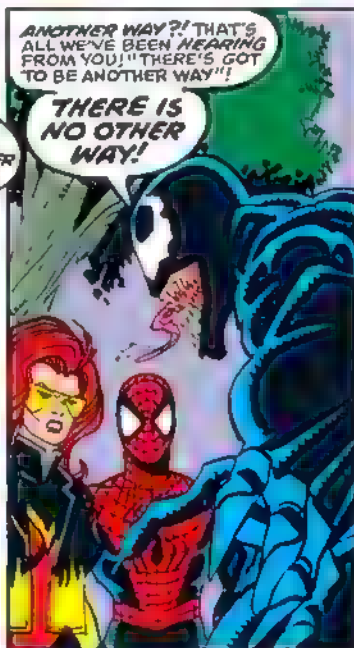
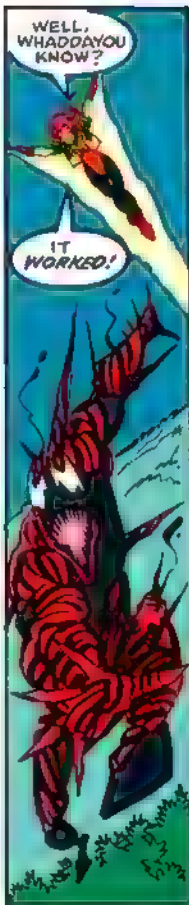


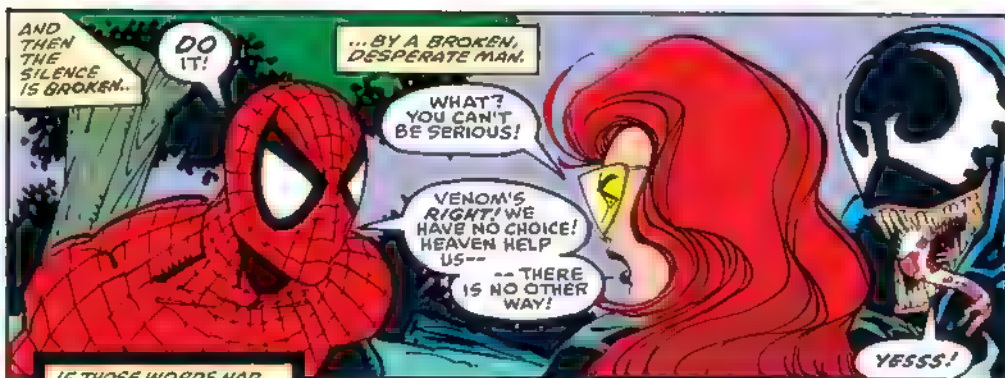






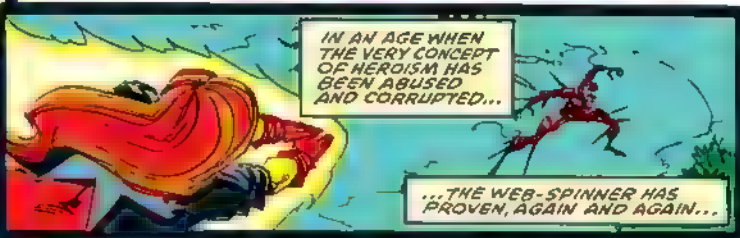
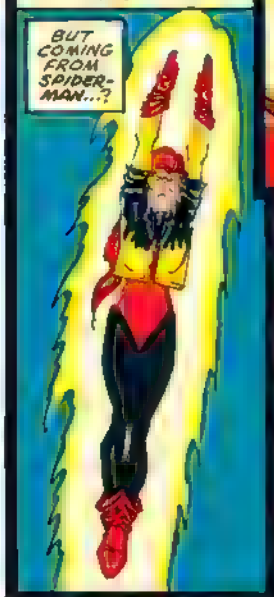






IF THOSE WORDS HAD COME FROM ANY OF THE OTHERS, FIRESTAR WOULD HAVE REJECTED THEM.

BUT COMING FROM SPIDER-MAN...?

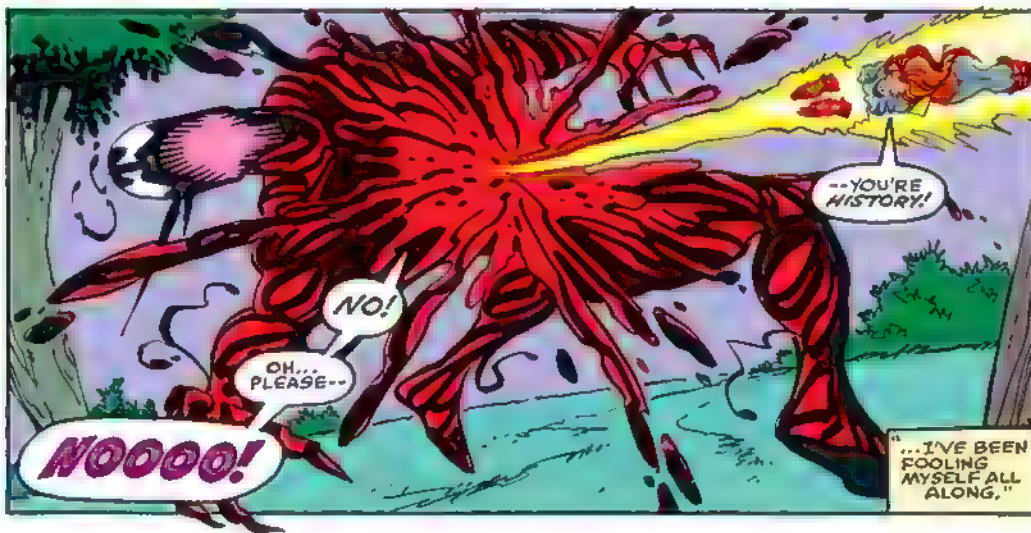
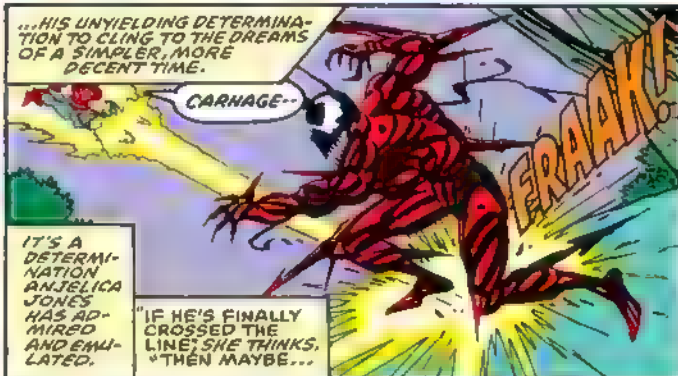


...HIS UNYIELDING DETERMINATION TO CLING TO THE DREAMS OF A SIMPLER, MORE DECENT TIME.

CARNAGE--

IT'S A DETERMINATION ANJELICA JONES HAS ADMIRRED AND EMULATED.

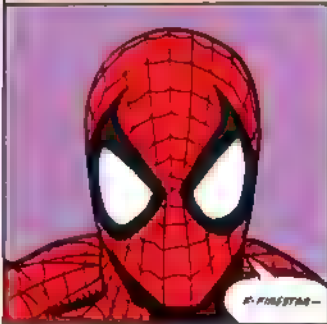
"IF HE'S FINALLY CROSSED THE LINE, SHE THINKS. THEN MAYBE..."



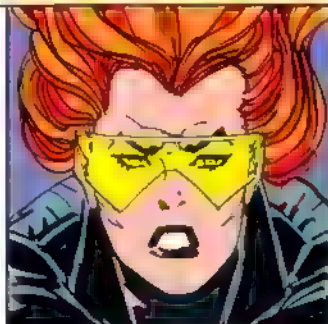
SHE CHANNELS HER MICROWAVE ENERGIES WITH A FEROCITY, A RAGE SHE'S NEVER DARED BEFORE. BELOW HER, CARNAGE--HIS SYMBIOTE UNRAVELING--FLAPS AND FLAILS, BEGGING FOR MERCY. ALL ARROGANCE GONE: MORE A CHILD THAN A MAN.



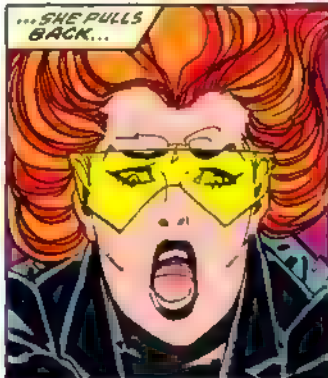
SHE TRIES TO SHUT OUT KASADY'S PATHETIC SCREAMS, VENOM'S TWISTED URGINGS; TO TURN HER HEART TO STONE AND BLOCK OFF ALL FEELING.

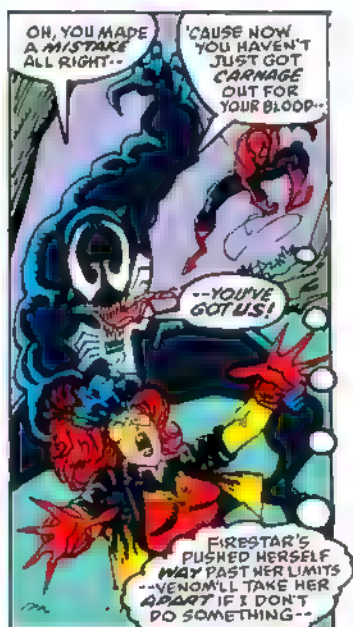
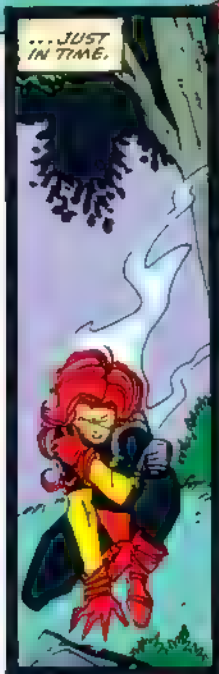
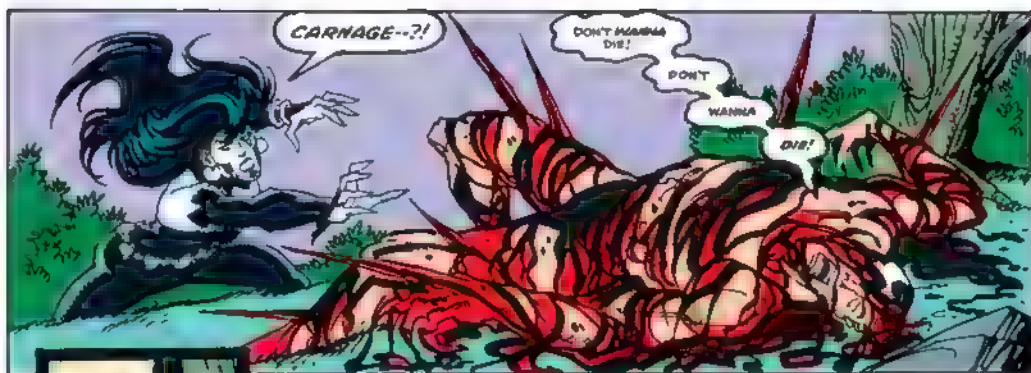


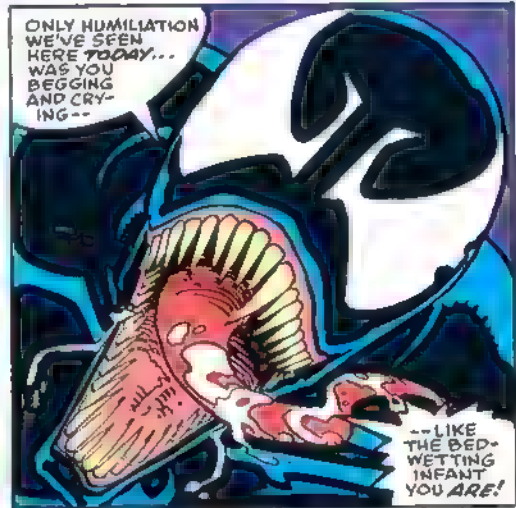
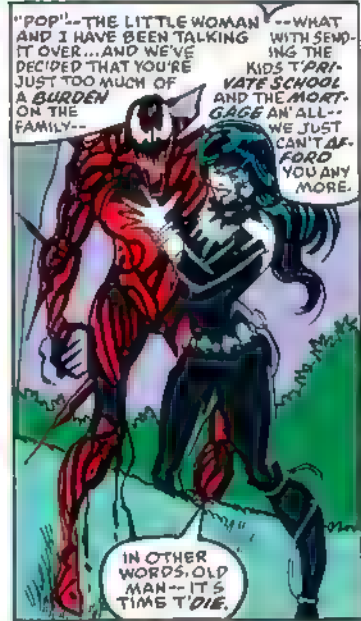
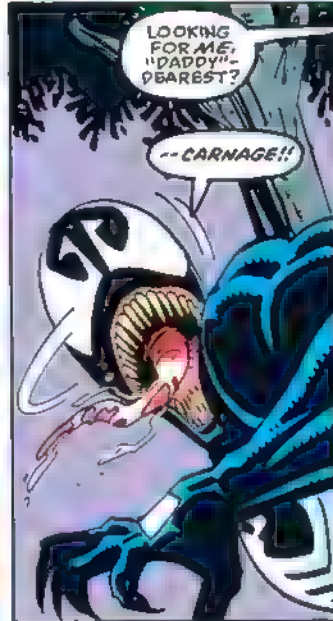
BUT A PART OF HER... THE DEEPEST PART, THE TRUEST PART... WON'T LET HER BECOME STONE, WON'T LET HER BECOME THE VERY THING SHE'S DEDICATED HER LIFE TO OPPOSING.

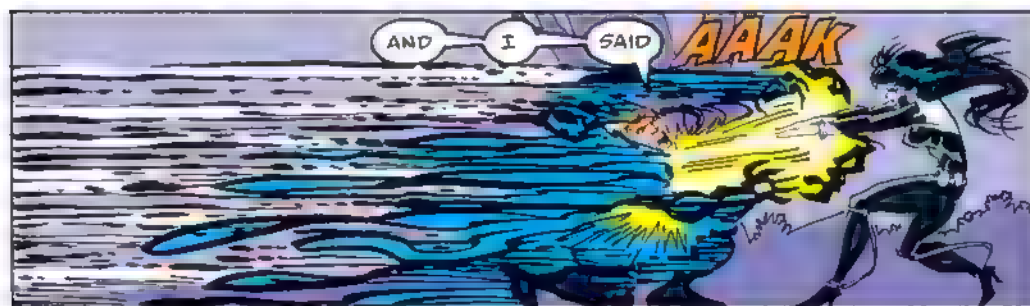
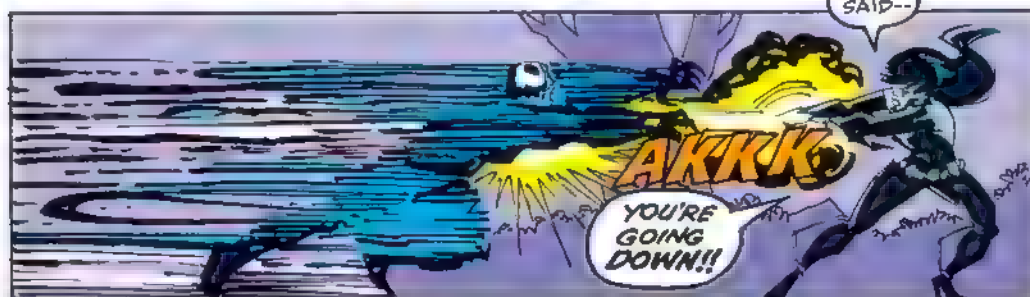
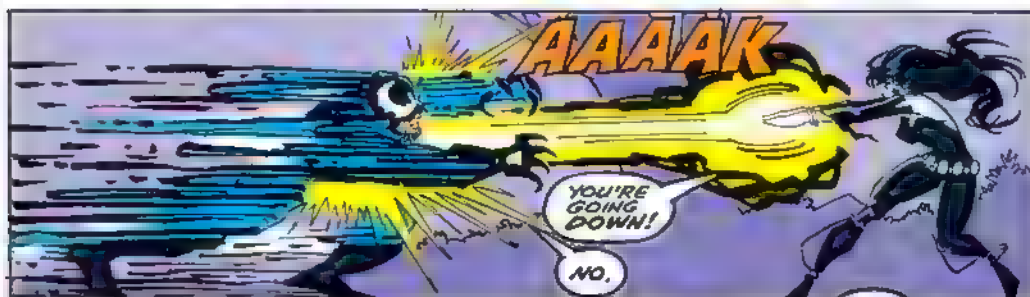
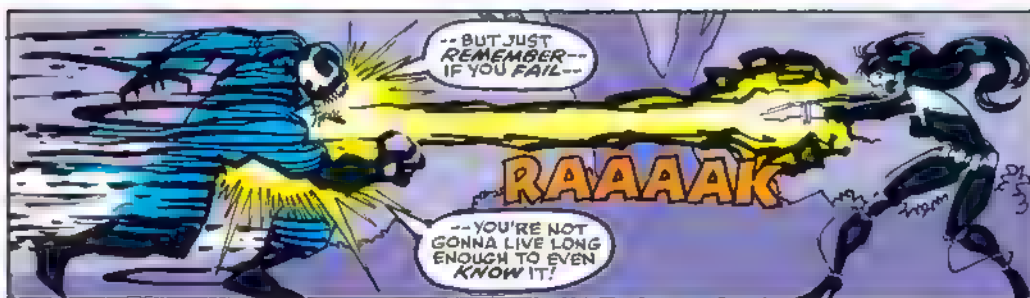
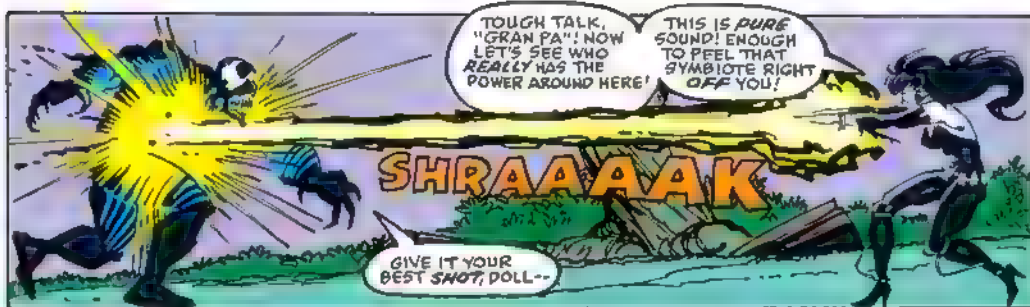


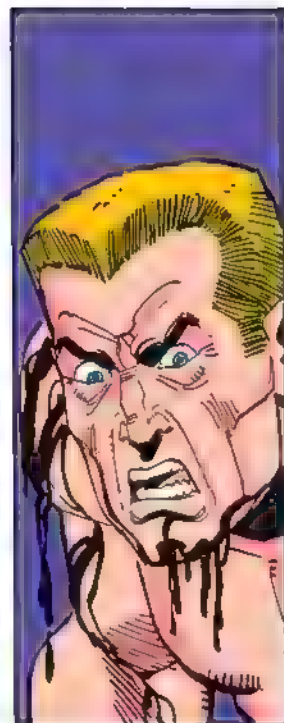
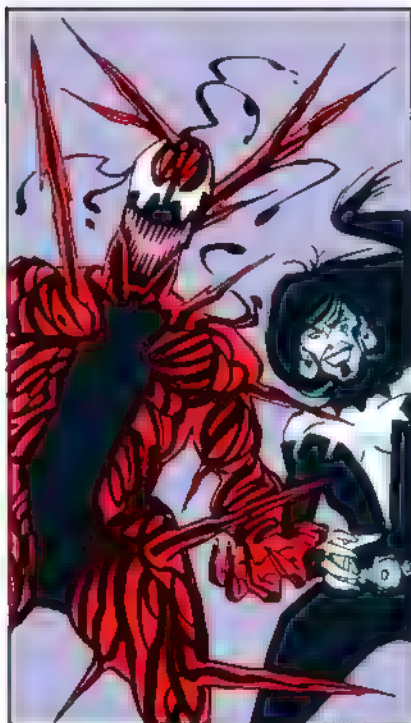
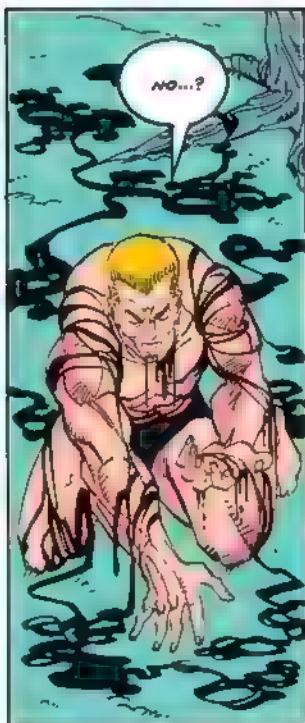
AND WHEN SPIDER-MAN GIVES VOICE TO THAT DEEP TRUTH...

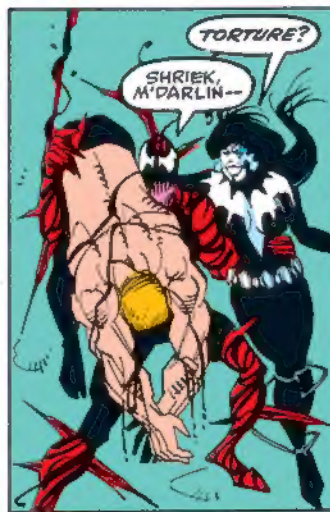
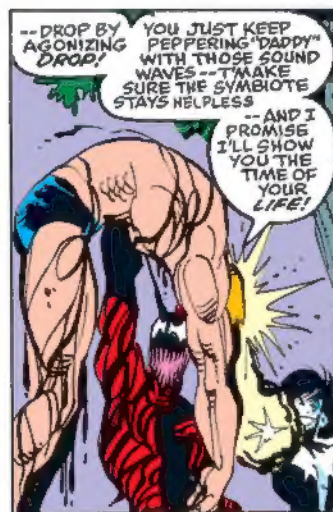
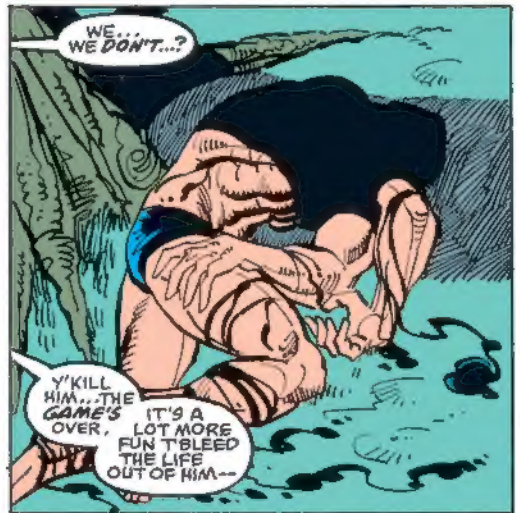












THE AURA OF EVIL, OF INSANITY, IN THE AIR IS SO THICK THAT SPIDER-MAN CAN FEEL IT. IT'S SETTLED OVER HIM LIKE A LAYER OF SOOT.



THE MORE HE TRIES TO SWEEP IT AWAY-- THE MORE THE SOOT SWIRLS AROUND HIM...



... SO THICK HE CAN HARDLY SEE, BARELY BREATHE.



HE FEELS POISONED BY IT; CORRUPTED.



YET, DEEP IN HIS HEART IS A BELIEF (ALMOST A PRAYER) THAT THERE HAS TO BE ANOTHER WAY...



... A BETTER WAY THAN THIS!



AND HE FEELS THAT-- IF ONLY HE COULD STOP, CATCH HIS BREATH, SEE CLEARLY FOR EVEN A MOMENT...



HOW 'BOUT A HAND, SON?





WE'LL LET'S  
AKE A LOOK  
RED LINE IS  
ENCO'S BRA  
ERWHELMING  
OR LAD'S C  
HIMSEL